Iu. How cameſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Ro. With loues light wings did I ore-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doe, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Iu. If they doe ſee thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.

Iu. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iuli. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſht with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe

Iuli. Thou knoweſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe; at louers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:

And

And therefore thou maieſt th
But truſt me Gentleman, Ile
Then thoſe that haue more
I ſhould haue beene more ſte
But that thou ouer heardſt e
My true loue paſſion, therefo
And not impute this yeeldin
Which the darke night hath
Rom. Lady, by yonder bl
That tips with ſiluer all theſe
Iu. O ſweare not by the
That monthly changes in her
Leaſt that thy loue proue lik
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare
Iuli. Doe not ſweare at all
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by th
Which is the God of my Idol
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare lou
Iu. Well doe not ſweare,
I haue no ioy of this contract
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſde,
Too like the lightning which
Ere, one can ſay, it lightens,
This bud of loue by Summers
May proue a beautious flowe
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſ
Come to thy heart, as that wit
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me ſ
Iu. What ſatisfaction canſt
Ro. Th'exchange of thy lou
Iu. I gaue thee mine before
And yet I would it were to giu
Ro. Wouldſt thou withdra
Iu. But to be franke and giu
And yet I wiſh but for the thin
My bounty is as boundleſſe as t

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k